

which we find more difficulty in forgiving than one against ourselves. It would be tree as the Crawley Elm felled without regret;—its aged head brought prostrate branches despoiled in the dust, its spreading roots left bare and desolate. The old that brought back to them the recollections of their youth; the young would have talked of it when they should be old themselves. The traveller who had heard of its vain, to beguile him on the road; and the weary wanderer, returning to his home, to know his paternal roof when robbed of the shade of the branches which he had seen. A stately forest is one of the grandest sights in creation; an insulated tree, one of the recesses of a wood an aged tree commands a veneration, similar to that which we accord the possessor of royalty, or the minister of religion; but in a hamlet, or on a green, reverence due to a parent, or the affection inspired by the presence of a long-tried friend.

PLATE XXXIII.—THE OAKS AT BURLEY
CALLED
THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

THIS fine group of Oaks, twelve in number, stands on the lawn at Burley Lodge of Lord Bolton. The largest of them is seven yards and a half in circumference. of the Twelve Apostles, and perhaps this designation unconsciously adds to the reverence which their venerable appearance, and their proximity to each other, as if drawn together, are calculated to inspire. There is a solemnity in a group of ancient trees that is serious thought, and carries it back to former ages:

"It seems idolatry with some excuse When our forefather Druids in their oaks Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet, Unpurified by an authentic act	Of amnesty, the meed of love Loved not the light, but, gaily Of thickest shades, like Agamemnon Of fruit proscribed, as to a
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Chardin, who published his Travels in Turkey in the 17th century, remarks, chose to pray under old trees, rather than in the neighbouring mosques: "The "those trees which seem to have existed during many ages; piously believing that had prayed and meditated under their umbrageous shade." With such feelings, the highest gratification in reclining under the widely-spreading branches of some fine tree, is that of one as an act of sacrilege.

The beautiful forest scenery with which the Oaks at Burley are surrounded, is a lover of sylvan objects to be pleased with them, at the same time that they awaken to see every tree that bows its head to the earth, either by natural decay, by the more furious and nuptial axe, replaced by a whole group of successors. "The "is its misfortune: every graceless hand can fell a tree." But the hand that fells an acorn; and this restitution to mother earth is surely due from those who despoil ancient treasures, to satisfy some low necessity of the passing moment. Sir Robert's own hands many of the magnificent trees which are now the pride of Houghton; busy life, this is one which seems to have given him most gratification in the present the retrospect. "Men," says Evelyn, "seldom plant trees till they begin to be old, and find by experience the prudence and necessity of it." Cicero mentions delightful occupations of old age, and it is indeed of all pursuits connected with the most nobly disinterested, yet the most truly wise. He who puts a sapling into the ground, that he shall not live to enjoy the shade of its matured branches; but he enjoys fold, in the thought, that the land, which to his predecessors had been only a barren successors a scene of waving beauty, sheltering the surrounding country, and inviting